











oms, they succeeded in placing one of her feet against the bark of the tree, and thus partly supported herself, and relieved in some degree the painful weight upon her wrists. He threw down his whip, and endeavored to tie her wrists, and the trunk of the tree, so that they might be tied together, the garden, and the rail between them. He then ordered one of the slaves to sit upon it. Her look at this time was more, but the strings of the only garment which she wore, and which she had been obliged to wear, prevented the fall from being so great. She was then thrown down, and the whip from setting on her flesh. These two things, however, did not prevent her from continuing to resist with his penitence, and thus left him without success. He struck her only on the abdomen with a frightful one, and then she lay down on the ground.

Unable to look on any longer in silence, I continued to look at her, and saw her in a state of great distress. I treated him to sleep, as I feared he had been so long in the garden, and I saw her in a state of great distress. The overcast looked at the woman, and I saw her in a state of great distress. She was carried into the house in a state of insensibility, and died in three days after.

During the whole season of piling cotton, the whip was frequently and severely put. In his seasons of intoxication, the overseer made no distinction between the stout man and the feeble and delicate one—the weak and the well. He would whip the advanced state of pregnancy driven out to the cotton field. At other times, the slaves seemed to have some consideration; and to manifest something like humanity. Our hands did not suffer for food—they had a good supply of ham and corn-meal, while at Flinch's plantation the slaves had meat but once a year, at Christmas.

Near the commencement of the wedding season of 1895, I was ordered to whip a young woman, a light mulatto, for not performing her task. I told the overseer that she was sick. He said he did not care for

near that she was sick. He said he did not care for that, she should be made to work. A day or two afterwards, I found him in the house half intoxicated. He demanded of me why I had not whipped the girl; and I gave the same reason as before. He flew into a

and I gave the same reason as before. The new man a dreadful rage, but his miserable situation made him an object of contempt rather than fear. He sat shaking his fist at me, and swearing for nearly half an hour. He said he would teach the Virginia lady to sham sickness; and that the only reason I did not whip her was, that she was a white woman, and I did not like to cut up her delicate skin. Some time after I was ordered to give two of our women, named Hannah and Ann, each, for not performing their duty. I said:

150 lashes each, for not performing the duty of a husband. As soon as the overseer stood by until he saw Elizabeth whipped, and that Sarah had bent down up to the tree. As soon as the whip was turned, it struck Elizabeth on the back instead of the woman, who unfortunately was holding the whip, shrieked as if she were in pain, and cutting into her flesh. The overseer heard the blows and the woman's cries, and supposing that all was going on according to his mind, he turned his back and went to the other end of the field. Unfortunately the husband of Elizabeth, who was standing by, saw his wife being whipped, and he was so indignant that he went forward and looked on; and indignantly determined to revenge his wife's whipping and Sarah's flogging. He rushed forward and

Next morning Buckster demanded of me whether I had whipped Sarah the day before; I replied in the affirmative. Upon this he called Sarah forward and made her show her back, which she did with a regretful whining. He then laid upon me and told me that the horse intended for Sarah should be laid on my back. That night the overseer, with the help of three of the hands, tied me up to a large tree—my arms and legs being clasped round it, and my body drawn out and held against it by two men, pulling at my arms and legs in opposite directions. The agony occasioned one pushing against me from behind. I felt a sense of suffocation and could scarcely catch my breath.

A moment after I felt the first blow of the overcast whip across my shoulders. It seemed to me as if I were being whirled round and round, and run down my very heart. I felt the blood pulsing, and the pain ran down my back. I faintly at length saw the continued blood which ran from the scoters in my back. The skin was torn from the scoters in my back. The skin was torn from my breast, arms, and thighs, against the rough bark of the tree. I was sick and feverish, and in great pain for three weeks afterwards; most of which time I was obliged to lie with my face downwards, and

time I was obliged to lie with my face downwards, in consequence of the extreme soreness of my sides and back. Hincsep himself seemed concerned about me and would come frequently to see me, and tell me that he should not have touched me had it not been for "the sacred, witch brandy."

Almost the first person that I was compelled to visit after I recovered, was the man who pushed at my back when I was tied up to the tree. The hands who were looking on at that time, all thought he pushed me more than was necessary; and they expected that I should thank him for the injury I had received.

her he was tied up, the overseer told me to give him severe flogging, and left me. I struck the tree instead of the man. His wife, who was looking on, almost overwhelmed me with her gratitude.

step, and a gentleman rise out to greet me. The  
y approached, I saw the latter was my master. The  
uds all ceased their labor, and crowded around him,  
gairing about old Virginia. For my own part, I could  
t hasten to greet him. He had too cruelly deceived  
e. He at length came towards me, and seemed some-  
what embarrassed. "Well James," said he, "how do  
you get on?" "I am well, sir," I replied. "I

"You stand it here?" "Badly enough," I replied. "I had no thought that you could be so cruel as to go away and leave me as you did." "Well, well, it was too bad, but it could not be helped—you must blame Huckleberry for it." "But," said I, "I was not his servant; I belonged to you, and you could do as you pleased." "Well," said he, "we will talk about that by and by."

When, said he, we will talk about that. Sarah was then inquired of Buckstop where big Harry was. She was sick and died," was the answer. He looked round among the slaves again, and inquired for Harry. The overseer told him that Harry undertook to kill him, and that, to save his life, he was obliged to fire upon him, and that he bled of the wound. After some further conversation, the overseer motioned me to go into the house.

man, and that he used of the wound, and that he had been into the house for inquiries, he requested me to go into the house with him. He then asked me to tell him how things had been managed during his absence. I gave him a full account of the overseer's cruelty. When he heard of the manner of Harry's death, he seemed much affected and shed tears. He was a favorite servant of his father's, and he had been on such terms occupied by

showed him the deep scars on my back occasioned by the whipping I had received. He was, or professed to be, highly indifferent with Huckstep; and said he would see to it that he did not lay hands on me again. He told me he should be glad to take me with him to Virginia, but he did not know where he should find a driver who

He did not know where the estate would be so kind to the boys as I was. "If I would stay ten years, he would then give me a thousand dollars, and a piece of land to plant on my own account." But," said I, "my wife and children." "Well," said he, "I will do my best to purchase them, and send them on to you." I now saw that my destiny was fixed: and that I was to be a Jew. Adieu, my dear friends. I retired to my study.

I was to spend my days in Alabama, and I retired to my bed that evening with a heavy heart.

count permit. He took with us physicians enough, and not over-work them, and, having thus satisfied his conscience, left us to our fate.

Out of the two hundred and fourteen slaves who were brought out from Virginia, at least one-third of them were members of the Methodist and Baptist churches in that State. Of this number five or six could read the Bible, and four were more diligent in their

that they had been torn away from the care and discipline of their respective churches, and from the means of instruction, but they retained their love for the exercises of religion; and felt a mournful pleasure in speaking of the privileges and spiritual blessings which they enjoyed in Old Virginia. Three of them had been

employed in Old Virginia. Three or four men called themselves preachers, or exhorters, viz. Solomon, usually called Uncle Solomon, Richard and David. Uncle Solomon was a grave, elderly man, mild and forgiving in his temper, and greatly esteemed among the more serious portion of our hands. He used to search every occasion to talk to the lewd and vicious about the concerns of

to talk to the dewed and vicious about the edicts of their souls, and advise them to fix their minds upon the Savior, as their only helper. Some I have heard ears and swear in answer, and others would say that they could not keep their minds upon God and the devil (meaning Huakstap) at the same time: that it was no use to try to be religious—they had no time—the

no use to try to be religious—they had no time—so the overseer wouldn't let them meet to pray—and the even Uncle Solomon, when he prayed, had to keep his eyes open all the time, to see if Huckleberry was coming. Uncle Solomon could both read and write, and he brought out with him from Virginia a Bible, a hymn book, and some other religious books, which he car-

book, and some other religious books, which he had fully concealed from the overseer, Huckstop was himself an open infidel as well as blasphemer. He used to tell the farmers that there was no hell hereafter for white people, but that they had their punishment on earth, being obliged to take care of the negroes. As for the blacks, he was rare there was a hell for them. He used

blacks, he was rare there was a hell for them. He used frequently to sit with his huckle by his side, and a Bible in his hand; and read passages and comment on the same and pronounce them lies. Any thing like religious feeling among the slaves irritated him. He said that so much praying and singing prevented the people from doing their task as it kept them up nights, when it

1 doing their tasks, as it kept them up nights, when they  
1 should be asleep. He used to mock, and in every p

[illegible]

Not long after my master had left us, the overseers ascertained for the first time that some of the hands could read, and that they had brought books with them from Virginia. He compelled them to give up the keys of their chests, and on searching found several Bibles and hymn-books. Uncle Solomon's chest contained quite a library, which he could read at night by the light of knots of the phrephine. These books he collected to-

together, and in the evening called Uncle Solomon into the house. After jeering him for some time, he gave him one of the Bibles and told him to name his text and preach him a sermon. The old man was silent. He then made him get up on the table, and ordered him to pray. Uncle Solomon meekly replied, "I forced you to do this."

pray. Uncle Solomon misty-eyed, that sweet prayer was not good for soul or body." The overseer then knelt down himself, and in a blasphemous manner, prayed that the Lord would send his spirit into Uncle Solomon; or else let the old man fall from the table and break his neck; and so have an end of "nigger preaching." On getting up from his knees he went to the

ing." On going up from his knees he went to the cupboard, poured out a glass of brandy for himself, and brought another to the table. "James," said he, addressing me, "Uncle Solomon stands there; for all the world, like a Hickory Cunker. His spirit don't move. I'll see if another spirit won't move it." He compelled the old preacher to swallow the brandy; and then told

the old preacher to swallow the briminy; after that I let him to preach and exhort, & the spirit was in him. He set one of the Bibles on fire, and after it was consumed, mixed up the ashes of it in a glass of water, and compelled the old man to drink it, telling him that as the spirit and the word were now both in him, there was no longer any excuse for not preaching. After to

The next day I saw Uncle Solomon, and talked with him about his treatment. He said it would not always be so—that slavery was to come to an end, for the Bible said so—that there would then be no more whippings.

mid so—that there would then be no more whippings and fightings, but the lion and the lamb would lie down together, and all would be love. He said he prayed for Hucklestep—that it was not he but the devil in him who behaved so. At his request, I found means to get him a Bible and a hymn-book from the overseer's room; and the old man ever afterwards kept them concealed

The wedding season of 1836, was marked by repeated acts of cruelty on the part of Huchstep. One of the hands, Phyllis, was, owing to her delicate situation, unable to perform her daily task. He ordered her to be tied up against a tree, in the same manner that

he tied up against a tree, in the same manner which  
had been. In this situation she was whipped until she  
was delivered of a dead infant, at the foot of the tree  
Our men took her upon a sheet, and carried her to the  
house, where she lay sick for several months, but finally  
recovered. I have heard him repeatedly laugh at  
the circumstance.

Not long after this, we were surprised, one morning about ten o'clock, by hearing the horn blown at the house. Presently Aunt Polly came screaming into the field. "What is the matter, Aunt?" I inquired. "Oh Lor!" said she, "Old Hactep's pitched off his horse and broke his head, and is c'en about dead."

"Thank God!" said little Simon, "The devil will have him at last."

Aunt Polly explained as well as she could, that Huckleberry Finn was dead.



— sometimes called Wolf Valley: It was a dreary and desolate place. As I walked on, I heard on all sides the soft rustling of the leaves, and the rustling of their feet on the leaves and twigs, as they ran through the woods. At daylight I laid down, but had scarcely closed my eyes when I was roused up by the rustling of the leaves, and the rustling of their feet on my feet, and saw several of them running by me. I did not again close my eyes during the whole day. In the afternoon, a bear with her two cubs came to a large clearing, and the mother bear walked down the tree trunks and went off with her young.

The day was long and tedious. As soon as it was dark, I once more resumed my journey. But fatigue and hunger had so overcome me, that I was not capable of further effort. It was not long before I fell asleep, while walking, and wandered out of the road. I was awakened by a bunch of moss which hung down from the limb of a tree, and I looked up and saw, as I thought, a large man standing just before me. My first idea was that some one had struck me over the face, and that I had been at last overtaken by my pursuer. Raising my head, I saw that it was only a bunch of moss which had fallen upon my face. Another glance assured me that it was a bear and not a man. He passed across the road and disappeared. As I sat there, I saw a large bear standing upon the edge of the night. Towards morning I passed by a plantation, on which was a fine growth of peach trees, full of ripe fruit. I took as many of them as I could conveniently carry in my hands and went, and eating a single one, I laid down and slept till evening, when I again went forward.

Sleeping over by day and travelling by night, in a direction towards the North Star, I entered Georgia. As I sat there, I saw a large bear standing upon the edge of the night. Towards morning I passed by a plantation, on which was a fine growth of peach trees, full of ripe fruit. I took as many of them as I could conveniently carry in my hands and went, and eating a single one, I laid down and slept till evening, when I again went forward.

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my journey. It was long and very dark, and I walked on in the darkness of the forest, I did not know in what direction I was going. I carried on with me a small stick, which I supposed to be the same one which I had lost. The next day the weather was still dark and rainy, and continued so for several days. On the fifth night after my adventure near Washington, the clouds broke away, and the clear moonlight shone upon the water.

I looked up to see the North Star, which I supposed still before me. But I sought it in vain in all that quarter of the heavens. A dreadful thought came over my mind, and I thought only by the stars against the dark and saw the North Star, which had been shining directly upon my bed. I then knew that I had been travelling away from freedom, and towards the place where I had been sold. I looked up and saw, as I thought, a large man standing just before me. My first idea was that some one had struck me over the face, and that I had been at last overtaken by my pursuer. Raising my head, I saw that it was only a bunch of moss which had fallen upon my face. Another glance assured me that it was a bear and not a man. He passed across the road and disappeared. As I sat there, I saw a large bear standing upon the edge of the night. Towards morning I passed by a plantation, on which was a fine growth of peach trees, full of ripe fruit. I took as many of them as I could conveniently carry in my hands and went, and eating a single one, I laid down and slept till evening, when I again went forward.

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